

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



If Harry Would Only Take the Judge's Advice

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By Tad



SONT BE DOWNHEARTED BECAUSE LOOK AT NAT GOODWIN-THEY DONT MAKE HIM QUIT - COME ON WE'LL TAKE A WALK AND LOOK OVERTHE CHICKEN CROP-DUNT BE BOTHERED ABOUT HITTLE THINGS



BE A PHILOSOPHER HARRY-IF YOU LOSE A WIFE REMEMBER THERE'S LOTS OF OTHERS AROUND - IF YOU - STATION THO NAT VOY TAH A BLOS IF YOU LOSE A JOB THERE'S PLENTY MORE AROUND - CONTROL YOURSELF -TAKE A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS -







Preparing for Marriage

servants.

By DOROTHY DIX.

What qualification-beyond soulful eyes and a peaches and cream complexion- vive his wife's wastefulness. This is not should a girl have for matrimony? Should because he is stingy, but because it is so a girl be permitted to marry, just beknow that the results of his hard labor, fool enough to ask his very life blood, are being thrown

her, if she is utterly unskilled in domestic arts, and but a few perishable good looks to to the making of a happy home?

When a young man who wants to marry a girl has his memorable interview with papa on the subject, if papa has a grain of sense in his head he asks the sultor: "Can you support my daughter in the style in which she tomed to live?" And

before the young man gets the girl he has to prove that prove before she marries that she is a he can take care of her and provide for good, freehand cook, and knows how to

That is nothing more than sane and millennium. For happiness and good right, for every man knows that no mate temper and good health and all the virter how much in love a young couple are tues depend upon the state of the liver. they cannot stay in love, nor be happy, unless they have enough to eat and a keeper. roof to cover them and plenty of fire to It's a mighty responsibility a woman keep them warm. It may not be poetic, assumes when she takes charge of a but it's true, that all romance is based man's stomach, as well as his heart, and on physical comfort.

But when a young man goes to get married why should not his mother go to the girl to whom he is engaged and put a few questions to her concerning her fitness to marry? Why shouldn't a man's mother turn a stern and inquiring eye on the girl and say: "You woman, can you take care of my son in the way in which I have always been accustomed to doing? Am I safe in trusting his digestion to your cooking? Am I justified in leaving his pocketbook in your hands?" And before the man's mother says, "Bless you my children," why shouldn't she require the girl to show that she knows how

to manage a house well and economically? This would only be reasonable, for the welfare of a family depends just as much on the wife being an expert in her business as it does upon the husband being capable in his line. It's a blighting thing to romance to admit, but the continuance of domestic bliss depends upon the state of one's stomach. Dyspepsia turns love's young dream into a nightmare before you can say scat.

Norway has taken up this important subject and there is now a bill pending before the legislature that provides that a girl must show that she can cook s dinner with her own hands, sew and mend, superintend the laundry and take care of a child in sickness and health before she will be granted a license to get married. It makes no difference whether the girl has enough money to employ a dozen servants or not. She must be able to do her own work it it should be necessary.

That's a wise law, and it would be glad day if one like it was passed in this country, for it would do more to settle the divorce question and promote connubial happiness than anything else in the world,

Not many of us have the courage to face the truth, but it is true, nevertheless, that the principal one of the thirtyseven different reasons why marriage is so often a failure is because the wife does not know how to cook and keep house when she marries. Of course, wher man is courting a girl he thinks that it doesn't make any difference what'ter she can tell a kitchen range from phonograph or not, because he's und the impression that when he's married his charmer he'll live in # sublimated state, where he'll be entirely above such sordid things as beefsteaks and pic-

To his surprise, however, he finds of that after marriage his appetite returns with a rush, and that the physical or n forts of a clean and peaceful place in which to live are as necessary to him as

they ever were. Indeed, men marry just to get a home more often than women do, and there can be no other thing so utterly distlinsioning to the man who has dressed of home, sweet home all of his life, to return of an evening to a place where a red-eyed and weeping bride is struggling valuey and incompetently with a problem she has not been trained to solve. One week of dinners of soggy bread, and watery vegetables and burnt meat will dim the brightest romance, and most young wives subject their husbands to

three of four years of this ordeal. Doubtless the reason that the men wh marry widows are proverbially happy in to Kibbie." because by the time a woman has Milled off her first husband with her cooking she has learned her trude.

Who Put That Spud in My Sock? -:- By Tad

HERE IT IS

TIMES ITHINK

SINGER AND A FIGHT BUG. HE

READ OF EVERY FIGHT AND COULD

TELL THE WINNERS FOR 10 YEARS BACK HE WROTE A NEW YEARS

TO THE TUNE OF AULD LAND SYNNE

SONG ABOUT LANGFORD AND

INE BOXED BILL LAME EIGHT

NEW TRICKS HE'S ALWAYS TRYIN'

HE ALWAYS GIVES HIS MANAGER THE WINK

BUT I'M HEP TO THE OLD LANG

WHO PUT THAT

THE TEACHER IN THE LITTLE

BILLY FARMER THE IVORY TICKLER SAT ALONE IN HIS STUDIO PLAYING A LULL ABY. THERE WASN'T A SOUND TO DISTURB HIM HE JUST PLANED AND HUMMED ALONE SUDDENLY THE DOOR BROKE IN AND JOHN O'REILLY HATLESS AND COATLESS RUSHED UP TO BILL AND WHUPERED HOARSELY

CAME IN 2 HOURS LATE WOULD SHE BE DOCKED?

IF THE LUSITANIA

WILLIAM!! TAKE YOUR PEET OUT OF THE OVEN

HA-HA- IVE GOT A JOFT

JOB NOW IN ASTOCK

COMPANY OVER IN

PITTS BURG - I DONT

SHOW UP TILL 8 IN

THE MORNING.

WE HAVE ANEW JHON EVERY WEEK BUT REHEARSE EVERY MORN AT & IPLAN & PARTS AN OLD WOMAN AND THE HERO. WE REHEARSE TILL ONE THEN PUT

SPUD IN MY SOCK ? THESE PARTS, STRANGER ON AMATINEE THAT'S OVER BY SOO. THEN A MIGHT JHOW OVER AT 11. THEN I GO HOME AND STUDY MY LINES FOR THE SHOW NEXT WEEK BY 5. I'M SOUND ALLEEP

THERE DOESN'T

GEE YOURE A LUCKY

HANK ME BETH WAS GLOOMY HE

NEVER DID LIKE THE HOLIDAY

JEASON. OF ALL THE BLUE DAYS

MERRY YMAS HANK'S GOAT WAS

GRABBED A SHEET OF PARCHMENT

GONE FOR FAIR, HE SAT DOWN

AND TO GET SQUARE WITH THE

HIS NAMES PERNICIOUS PETE

HE HAS CORMS ON BOTH HIS FEET

BUT WHEN HE DRANK HIS SUDS YOU SEE

HE CHIRPED NO MORE OF THIS FOR MY

NOW WERE WAITING FOR THE

VERDICT PROM THE JURY.

LICKER LIKE THAT IN

M-M-M- WE DONT GET NO

AND HE LIKES TO JING A SOLO

WORLD WROTE THIS

IN A BREWERY

IN THE YEAR YMAS WAS THE

BLUEST YET THEY CALLED IT

MIHTON TO PO TILL TOMORPOW.

AS OLD DANE BURNS ONCE SAID WHEN A MAN'S SICK HE AINT PEELIN' WELL

By R. E. PORTER.

The Suppliant

Said Billy T. to Billy B., for so runs the report, "I say, old chap, in 1912, I'll sure need your support. You have, it seems, just ninety votes, within the G. O. P., So be a sport and come across with all of them for me.

"I need 'em Bill, believe me, I need 'em bad to win That nomination thing next year; to fail would be a sin: I'll do most anything you say and act most any part, If you will only come across and show you have a heart.

"It ain't as though I haven't tried to please the bunch, you know, I've traveled umpty thousand miles and spent 'bout all my dough. I've stuffed at a thousand banquets and dinners quite a few, And yet somehow or other they have got me in a stew.





"On both sides of every question, in talks from sea to sea, I've declared for everybody who might declare for me; But somehow they didn't like it, and now they've got my goat, So for heaven's sake, dear Billy, give me that New York vote."

Said Billy B. to Billy T., "I've got-cher, Bill, O. K., But If you want this New York vote there's one thing I must say, You've got to can this hot-air stuff, this Rooseveltian bunk That sounds like blood and thunder, but is nothing less than punk.

No T. R. stunts, no grandstand plays, can get support of mine, 'My Policies' must be cut out if you would be in line." And then Bill B. leaned back and smiled, the room was very still, As Bill T. groaned and heaved a sigh, and meekly said, "I will."

His Wonderful Car

before she qualifies for the job.

Neither can any man's love long sur-

heart-breakingly discouraging for him to

ment. It must make a man fairly hate a

woman when he sees his changes of ever

getting on in the world being cast into

the garbage can and pilfered by thieving

Of course, the blame for this state of

affairs rests with the mothers, who hope

that their daughters will marry, but do

nothing to fit them to make marriage a

success. This is one of the crimes of so-

clety. A woman should think it just as

much a disgrace to raise up a girl who is

not fitted to be a good wife as a man

feels it a disgrace if his son marries

And if the mothers won't do their duty

in this respect then the state should step

in and protect the poor, defenceless young

men, and no girl should be granted a license to experiment on an innocent and

inoffensive man's digestion. Make her

market, and you will usher in a domestic

and that's in the keeping of the house

it's only fair and reasonable that she

should be able to show her union card

without being able to support his wife.

away by his wife by her mismanage

By PERCY SHAW.

I met him at a neighbor's house. And thus he said his say: Twe raced my car ten thousand miles, She's good as new today: There's not a hill she cannot elimb Nor mud hole she can't scorn: And all the while no change of tire And engine scarcely worn.



She's hunted humans on the streets And coyotes on the plains, She's vaulted creeks and scattered cows. She's laughed at snows and rains; There's not a place she cannot go, A thing she cannot do; And don't forget she costs me less Than car fares used to do.

T've run her up a flight of stairs. And through a twelve-foot pane; 've broken records all the way From Yellowstone to Maine. I always bolk at taking dust And sixty miles an hour Is just about my normal speed



n next I met my auto friend His wife was at his ride: e pushed an ample baby cart And twins reposed inside; heard their weary mother say As on they slowly strayed. I wonder if you'll ever earn Enough to hire a maid?"

Passed 'Em Up. "You know Kibble?"

Perhaps you know that when you hold ut a Bunch of cigars to him he is pretty sure to take them all?" 'I've heard so.'

Well, I had a lot of bad cigars in my desk and this morning I held them out "Yes?"

"He said he'd quit smoking."-Cleveland

Sherlocko the Monk

BY GUS MAGER

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The Episode of the Looted Grocery



Dinkelspiel on Greatness

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

newspapers lately aboud who is der known, alretty. You har ideas on such yes!" a supcheckt, perhaps, Max-yes?" "Sure!" set Spiegel.

Und I set to Spiegel: "Of course you haf, Max, und you vill keep dem, like you keep eferyding else. I vas talking mit Oscar Bauerschmidt and Rudolph Katz about it. Oscar set dot Goethe und could hat dis luxury. Rudolph set dot fully dot he made peace a necessity."

"Sure!" set Spiegel. Und I set to Spiegel: "Den Oscar Den I coaxed dem both down to der steamboat und ve came across to Amerca, vare I picked ould Tom Edison, because any brain dot has room in it for pointed still it is goot eggaercise for der | field Republican. neck. Ve vas yust mentioning der names of many udder famousers ven Ikey Rosenthal, der pawnbroker, added himself to der party. I vent ofer der matter the fellow who never has any to lend us,

Und I set to Spiegel: "Vell, Max, I vas mit Ikey und asked him for his choice, discussioning mit some friends last night | Ikey t'ought a vile und den he set: 'Vell, aboutd die fever vich broke ould in der dem is all great mens, but dare vas vus fellow greater. I doan'd know his name, tventy greatest men vich der verid has compound interest—he gets my wete, but whoever der guy vas dot inventioned "Sure!" set Spiegel.

D. DINKELSPIEL

Struck it Rich.

The ingenious and witty noveliat. O Henry, invented a use for the cockleburr, previously supposed to be the one useless thing in the world. In his "Cabbages and Schiller vas a cubble of der tventy, be- Kings" a merchant, "stuck" with a cargo cause poetry vas vun of der luxuries of of shoes, unsalable in tropical America, life und Goethe und Schiller splashed made a fortune by sending to Texas for ould so much poetry dot efen der poor another cargo of cockleburrs and scattering them in the paths frequented by bare-Bismarck should be about eight of der footed natives. But'it seems that now tventy, because he made var so success- this most despised and objectionable form of vegetation has been turned to a more legitimate use. Six months ago T E. Cotton was working for \$1 a day on v moved to inclusion Richard Vagner in der farm in Kansas, when he happened to list, because mousic hath cherms to sood think of a recipe for hog cholera left him der savago's breast, vich vas accepted, by his dying stepfather, . He thought nothing of it at the time, but when the hog cholera lately broke out again is Kansas, he bethought himself of the recipe, in which cockleburr extract plays an incandescent lamp und a set of con- brother's hogs and saved them, and the an important part. He tried it on his crete furniture is a big vun. Oscar picked Kansas City Journal reports that be has ouid der Wright brothers, because vile a force of men out hunting for cocklean airship doen'd always go vare it is burrs, and is taking in \$40 a day .- Spring-

> The fellow who is always borrowing our money is almost as great a nuisance as

Ballads of Broadway Bill The Lonesomest Lady

By DAMON RUNYAN.

I saw her last night on Broadway, the lonesomest lady in town; Gliding along in her motor, with the footmen fore and aft; furred and jeweled was the lady, a year's rent draped in her gown-But the lonesomest lady in all New York," said Broadway Bill, as he

For I've seen her before on Broadway; one night of a wintry rain She stood in front of the window of a ten-cent notion store, That blazed with toys and tinsel; her nose was flat on the pane-But she buys no toys at Christmas-for she's nothing to buy them for!"

Her husband is worth ten millions; she's welcome to every dime; She's living in regal splendor, and is strong on the soc al graft. There's hardly a thing that she couldn't buy-save toys at Christmas time-The lonesomest lady in all this town," said Broadway I-ill, as he laughed.